THE PACIFIC

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WITH YOU ALWAYS

This ray of promise falls on darkened ways,
"Lo, I am with you alway—all the days."
The bright, untroubled, gladsome days of life,
The days of bitterness and care and strife.

The days when peace doth like a river flow,
The days of grief with weary hours slow,
He goes not on far journeys, Christ is near,
He leaves no day without its help and cheer.

As once of old He knew what he would do;
When servants were dismayed and troubled too,
So now with infinite supplies at hand,
He walks with us though in a barren land.

Some sweet surprise he doubtless has in store,
Some secret that he never told before.
For this perhaps he leads through shaded ways,
And you will understand ere many days.

THE PACIFIC

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W. W. FERRIER, Editor

The Work of our Hands

"The work of our hands—establish thou it,
How often with thoughtless lips we pray;
But he who sits in the heavens shall say,
Is the work of your hands so fair and fit
That ye dare thus to pray?
Safely we answer, 'Lord make it fit—
The work of our hands, that so we may
Lift up our eyes and dare to pray,
The work of our hands—establish Thou it!"

Out of the Earthquake and the Fire

A Glance Backward and Forward

Tuesday afternoon, April the 17th, the editor of the Pacific handed to the printer the last pieces of copy for what it seemed to him was to be the best issue of the paper for a long time.

There was an editorial review of the last two lectures in the series by President Tucker, at Pacific Theological Seminary; there was also an extended account of the graduating exercises and of that highly interesting occasion, the evening before, around the banquet table of the seminary. In addition there was an unusual amount of interesting and valuable news from many parts of the Coast, and all in all, such an array of articles relating to our Congregational work as to leave more deeply than ever before the impression that The Pacific was an indispensable agency in the work of Congregationalism in California, Oregon and Washington.

Nothing was lacking as to that issue of the paper but to look over the revised proofs, direct its make-up and send it forth on its mission among the churches.

When the heavy earthquake shock came on Wednesday morning, which even in Berkeley made many to think that their houses were about to tumble upon them, there came the thought that the whole printing office on Mission street in San Francisco would in all probability be found in a heap in the basement of the building in which it was situated.

As the editor left his home in Berkeley a little later there came word from a passing friend: You can't get any boat this morning. The earthquake has shattered and toppled over many buildings in the city and great fires are burning and are spreading rapidly in all directions.

All the world knows the rest. How the great city by the Golden Gate went down in the jaws of the devouring flames, which did not wane in their fury for three whole days.

From our home on the Berkeley hills we watched the progress of the fire, to us a pillar of cloud by day and of flame by night, powerless to save even a scrap from what it was ascertained ere the close of the first day would be the destruction both of the printing office between Fourth and Fifth on Mission and of the editorial office in the Y. M. C. A. building on Mason and Ellis.

When the earthquake occurred a Linotype operator who had just finished a night shift, was cleaning his machine preparatory to leaving the office. The two machines swayed before him like trees in a windstorm. But the building stood. As the operator was leaving by the fire escape on Minna street four persons supposed to be dead were being carried from the ruins of some of the old shacks on that street, and fires were already starting in that locality; and about 8 o'clock the flames wrapped themselves about the building in which the printing office was located and the machinery went down soon into such a fiery furnace as could be made only by the large amount of paint and oil which was in the paint store below.

The editorial office in the Y. M. C. A. building was destroyed on Wednesday night, and with it went the files of the paper for the fifty-five years of its existence, and all the accounts for both the printing office and the paper, not a letter or a line being left to show that any such things had ever existed.

Fortunately a mailing list corrected up to the 8th of February was over in Berkeley, and from this we are able to tell to some extent who our subscribers are and how the subscription accounts stand.

So fared The Pilgrim printing office and The Pacific in the great catastrophe.

We send forth this week from the retreat of thousands of San Franciscans on the east side of the bay this four-page paper, and like others, begin to plan for the future. We cannot think that God wills it that a religious paper which has done all that The Pacific has in helping to shape the life of this Pacific Coast for more than fifty-five years shall perish with the smoldering ruins of that printing office and of the material accumulations of the passing years which were housed in the little editorial room in the Y. M. C. A. building. But things passing our beliefs often happen. It needs only to be said here just now that if Pacific Coast Congregationalists want The Pacific to live it can live; like many other stricken interests, it can arise and build itself into the future.

To-day, on the corner of Post and Mason streets, in our earth-shaken and fire-gutted city, there stand the walls of what was for many years the house of worship of the First Congregational Church—the mother church in California. Either on the old site or in some other location, if it should seem that a better one can be found, the life of this church will go on and will be perpetuated. The city will be rebuilt, so also will be the church. The influence of such an organization men well know to be one which they cannot if true to the demands of God and the needs of humanity let die. And so out of the ashes of the old there will arise the new, and the Old First Church will go on and will pass into the next century as it passed

into this, a great power for good in the city of its existence and in that wider reach to which every true church is called.

The edifices of two other Congregational churches went down before the fiery wave which swept over our city—the Third, in the Mission district, and the Fourth, in the North Beach district. In some place and form these organizations also will continue the good work which they have carried on for so many years. The reshaping of the city in the rebuilding of it will bring about some readjustments, of course; but, in whatever of the new Congregationalism there may be, there will be all of the old.

Lessons to be Learned

That there are lessons to be learned from the great calamity which has befallen our city is beyond question.

One of the passages of Scripture which has come to the mind of the present writer several times during the last few days relates to one of the experiences of Elijah: The passage represents the Lord as saying, "Go forth and stand upon the mount before the Lord." And the narrative runs then: "And behold the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks, but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small voice."

We make no attempt to show to what extent God was in the earthquake and the fire which in a few hours laid low a large part of San Francisco. That He was in them in some manner no person who believes in a God will deny.

That he has been speaking to people in the still small voice will not be denied either by Christians or those who are not Christians. Who is there anywhere in California or in any part of the world to which the news of the terrible disaster has been flashed, who has not heard the voice of God speaking to him now and then in the days and hours since that fateful Wednesday morning? Men and women have tesfified to this effect whose lives had been such that it seemed as if they recognized no claim that God had upon them; and their hearts have turned toward Him as they had not turned for a long time before, perhaps never.

Professing Christians who had grown careless and worldly, who had allowed themselves in one way and another to be drawn into the whirl of the materialism of the age, have heard this still small voice, as they had not heard it for some time, calling them to holier living.

To what extent this voice has been heard no one can tell. Nor can it be told who will be obedient unto its call. Would that it could result in making our city more like unto that which God wants it to be. Say what any one may say in defense of it, it is a city of much vice and crime. Bishop Hamilton did not go contrary to the facts when recently in the East he spoke of San Francisco as one of the wickedest of the great cities of the world. It has long been the worst saloon cursed city in the United States, and it has been a great breeding place for anarchy. One of our papers, The Post, devoted large space to a denunciation of the bishop, endeavoring to stir up against him some such spirit of violence as it attempted to create against Secretary Taft when he was about to pass through the city last year on his way to the Philippines—because of his attitude on the question of Chinese exclusion. And even the Native Sons of the Golden West joined in the cry against the bishop. We wonder whether the still small voice has not been saying to them in these days of dire disaster that they had done a foolish thing, and whether it has not been calling them to better, nobler action in behalf of this great city here by this western sea.

Already the talk is for a more beautiful city to arise out of the ruins of San Francisco. Our hope is that such lessons may have been learned in this calamity that it may be more beautiful morally. "How beautiful to be with God!" exclaimed Frances Willard as her spirit was taking flight from its earthly tenement to the God who had given it.

"Thou hast created us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless till they rest in Thee," said Augustine.

From the lips of one of the prophets there came long ago the words of the Lord: "I will overturn and overturn until he come whose right it is."

A Helpful Sunday Service

Although the First Congregational Church of Berkeley was at once turned into a receiving station for the people who fled to that city from the stricken city across the bay, and was so used on Sunday, it was thought best to hold morning service in the church.

This was conducted while the patter of tiny feet could be heard in the adjoining room, where children and others were being cared for.

The service was brief, but it was one which made a deep impression on all who were in attendance. The Rev. W. H. Hopkins, the pastor, based his remarks on the words in the 27th verse of the 12th chapter of Hebrews: "And this word signified the removing of these things that are shaken, as of things that are made; that those things which cannot be shaken may remain."

What do we who have lost so much in the great calamity which has befallen certain parts of our State hold yet? was the question. And the answer was, first, that calmness, courage and patience remain in a very noticeable and remarkable degree even among those upon whom the blow has fallen most heavily.

It was remarked also that charity remains and shows splendidly. And there was applause even in the staid Congregational Church of Berkeley when the story was told of the negro who helped a weary man to the ferry with his bundles without charge after an express man had asked $25 for it. The applause came when it was remarked that the negro was really the white man.

It was said further by Mr. Hopkins that the sense of brotherhood was never before so clear, and that we have suffering left us also. Let none henceforth say that there is no pain. Let none say that pain has

no place in God's plans for mankind, for now we have new light on the words "perfect through suffering."

Finally, said the preacher, the voice of God remains and men and women are hearing that voice. One woman was quoted as having said: "I believe God is speaking through it to my heart. And the earnest wish for all was that none might move along blindly, thinking that God had naught to say to them in these days of great calamity. God may not be in the earthquake; he may not be in the fire; but he is in the still small voice that always comes after the earthquake and the fire.

Very appropriately the two hymns were "Nearer, My God to Thee" and "How Firm a Foundation."

Some who were there and heard and participated in that service thought of the words of the Psalmist: "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."

Special Notice to Our Subscribers

The Pacific is printed in Berkeley this week. It is only a four-page paper, but we are fortunate in that we are able to send forth even these four pages. So great is the demand that it is very difficult to get any work done. The San Francisco daily papers have been printed on the east side of the bay and they have had the right of way. We cannot tell at present when The Pacific will be issued regularly and in its old form, but will have something definite in the next issue.

All mail for The Pacific or for W. W. Ferrier, the editor, should be sent to 2716 Hillegass avenue, Berkeley, until further notice. The business will be carried on in Berkeley for some time to come.

The mailing list used this week in sending out our papers is about ten weeks old. All others were destroyed. Some persons will receive the paper who were subscribers the 1st of February, but who are not subscribers now. Others who have subscribed since then will not receive it.

Some persons have had their addresses changed since early in February. Their papers will have to be sent to the old addresses. Accordingly, we ask all the pastors to make announcement to this effect so that these friends may write to us and enable us to get a correct list at an early date.

Notes

The aggregate loss in San Francisco will be about $300,000,000.

The buildings of our great University at Palo Alto went down in the earthquake which has appalled the world.

Our exchanges will confer a favor by changing at once the addresses on the copies of the papers coming to us, to 2716 Hillegass avenue, Berkeley.

One of the buildings of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at San Anselmo was practically destroyed and another one was badly damaged.

The slight shock on Wednesday afternoon of this week created a panic in some places in the city. At the Ferry building people rushed pell mell out into the open.

Thousands of telegrams have been received by mail this week, and thousands have gone this way from California to the East.

San Francisco can be so rebuilt that there will be very little danger from earthquakes in the future. It ought never to be rebuilt on any other plan.

The Rev. Dr. McLean, of Pacific Theological Seminary, was at San Jose the morning of the earthquake. He narrowly escaped death in the St. James Hotel.

The house of worship of the First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco, was destroyed, as were also those of three Methodist churches, the First, Central and Howard.

About forty of the members of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco worshipped last Sunday with the people of Plymouth Church, whose edifice was not destroyed.

The present writer walked through the ruined city Wednesday of this week. It was a depressing sight. For miles in every direction from the Ferry building, only ruins were to be seen.

People who have arrived from the East say that they read a great deal about the destruction wrought here, but that they had no adequate conception of it until they saw with their own eyes.

Among the Berkeley people who had narrow escapes were Mr. and Mrs. Philo Mills. A few seconds after they had arisen hurriedly from their bed the chimney crashed through the ceiling and fell on the bed.

One Berkeley woman who had been reading Browning the night before the earthquake remained quietly in bed during the shake repeating the lines:

"God's in His heavens,
All's well with the world."

It is not a time for any part of the coast to parade before the public what it may regard as its advantages. What has come to this part of California is just as likely to come to other parts of the coast as it was this. During the last week there have been shocks in Oregon.

The fire which followed the earthquake in San Francisco made the situation there so appalling that what occurred elsewhere was for the time being of small magnitude. But from Salinas on the south to Santa Rosa on the north, the State was shaken and sore stricken. San Jose and Santa Rosa suffered most severely, the temblor itself doing as much damage comparatively in those cities as it did in San Francisco. Buildings were shaken to the ground and many persons were killed.

Among the Congregationalists who have lost heavily by the earthquake are Messrs Geo. W. Scott, of Alameda, Charles Holbrook and Edward Coleman of San Francisco, and J. L. Barker of Berkeley. Mr. Barker's losses were in Berkeley and San Francisco. Two buildings in Berkeley were damaged to the extent of $8000 or $10,000. One building in San Francisco was destroyed by fire. The Holbrook building in San Francisco with its large stock of goods was one of the first to be dynamited.